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Diary of Riley Evans



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Chapter 1 by Dark Knight Gwyn

Day 1:Death. It never really seemed so scary. As a matter of fact, it seemed quite welcoming really. It feels like it would be a long needed reprieve from all the bullshit that we face in life, though when it is close, many shy away in meekness or fear. As lovely as misery can be as a host, I'm tired of it all. I just want to shut my eyes and never open them again. Never again do I wish to gaze upon this beautiful yet hideous world. A world where I'm so insignificant. A world where no one would cry if suddenly, I was no longer there. A world where no one would notice my absence. I'm a freak. I'm nothing special but I like to claim that I am. I'm surrounded by people yet I'm still lonely. I'm a toy to be used and thrown away as my usefulness deteriorates. Ask almost any girl that I liked, 'Oh he's not really what I'm looking for in a guy' they would say. That broke me down every fucking time I heard it.

Hatred. It's such a short word that means so much. It's what I've felt for anyone that's ignored me or stolen the show when it was my time. It's what I've been shown from almost all of my ex's even when it wasn't my fault, even when I did things right, I was always wrong. This is what I've felt for myself since I've realized what I've become. Cruel and selfish. I had once thought about changing this, though I realized something. I used to be the good guy, I never got shit for being the good guy. So I stayed committed to being the demon that I had established myself as. As I

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Pain. Something that I'm extremely familiar with. Usually I inflict it, though on occasion I'm the recipient of it. Every time I fake a smile or choke out a little chuckle, I'm hurting on the inside, though I don't want anyone else to worry. I don't want them to care. This is my hell, my punishment for being as awful as I am. For being such a waste of skin, such a pitiful excuse for a person. There's so much that I do not deserve in this life. A waste of air. A waste of space.

Day 3: I don't know how much more of this I can take. I'm just tired now. I feel like I was just beaten over and over and over. I'm not even upset, just numb. I don't even why I'm trying anymore. I must truly think I'm someone, telling others to not give up, keep moving on, keep fighting for a cause I've given up on. You guys reading this are my friends, right? If so, I need a favor.

If this is the last thing you have from me, burn it. I would rather you not remember me at all rather than me as I was or as I am. Just forget me, after all everyone does. It doesn't matter what I think now. My mom is just becoming a dictator, my dad is getting tired of it all, my sister can't help me. I feel like I'm not getting anywhere. I've just been running around in circles. This might be a goodbye and an I'm sorry.

Day 4: I'll admit, when I was younger I toyed with the thought of suicide, it makes me feel like a coward to be telling this on a piece of paper rather than in person, but it's what I got. I didn't expect to live to see my tenth birthday, let alone my first year in college. I was always slightly feeble, some people thought that a strong breeze might knock me over, I was picked on until I got to what I thought was strong. I'm older now, I realize that I got stronger physically and weaker mentally. I hate the world for making it so, I hate everyone's feeble god for making me this, and quite honestly, I hate myself for not measuring up to the challenge. I'm a fool, a bastard who thought he was great. When I was about nine, I began to realize that I'm merely a bug to be swatted by all those who are bigger than me.

Day 5: People ask if I'm alright and in my mind, I say, "Hurt, confused, tired, lost, broken, sick, feeble, monstrous." Then I realize that they don't truly care and I say, "Fine"

A liar, the only lie I keep telling is, "I'm fine." I'm not really fine, I just don't anyone to worry. Only one of you is probably gonna read this anyway. So what does it matter? It's tiring you know? It's hard when you're fighting on your own, getting nowhere as you do so

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acting myself, but honestly the 'me' that I've been showing you was never real, the stories are true, the awful shit I've done, but the indomitable fighter, he gave up his cause a long time ago. He hates himself, that's why he attempted suicide at the age of 10. Yeah, that's right, I haven't just thought about it, I've tried to do it. I chickened out at the last minute, I couldn't follow through. I stand there and laugh with you, but do I ever truly feel anything? I can look, pretend to be, and try to trick myself into being happy, but will I ever learn to forgo the mask? I hate it, I hate it all, I hate my life, I hate this pain. As awful as it sounds, I resent all of you for having the ability to be happy with each other. When you guys are all together, I feel like you this strange dome around and I was left outside of it. I look around and I see all these people with the same dome, when I see all these of people, so happy in their little domes, I can just feel the dull beating in my chest change into a feeling like someone's attempting to drag it from me. Don't know why I don't let them, because who would cry for me if I did? Please, can you tell me the way that this works? I don't understand how you should feel. I feel nothing now, a strange numbness is all there is. This numbness, it isn't normal, is it? Please, help me.

From,

A Wayward friend

Day 120: Been a while, huh? This has sort of become my way of coping with everything in my life. I began to feel better after talking with you guys about but it just keeps creeping back in. I've learned to control that feeling I get whenever it feels like I just can't handle it anymore. I stay away from knives or anything else sharp when it feels like I might do something rash. I've tried to bury it, but it just keeps bubbling back up to the surface and I'm scared. When I eat, I can't taste anything and I feel like I'm about to throw up. When I can taste the food seems rotten. Bread tastes like it's molded, meat tastes like shit, and cheese is awful, like it's years old. I stopped feeling like I'd break down with every step after the last time we talked. Now with everything that's been happening, I feel like I'm gonna crumble with everything that been happening. I act cheerful and happy to make sure nothing seems out of place, but the urges just keep coming back and sometimes I feel like I won't be able say no to these ideas I've been having. They all seem so easy compared to everything else. I'm tired of being blamed for things that I have no control over. I'm tired of lying through my teeth when people ask me how I'm

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